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find Father Keenan makes out that what he says is quite right; but it's getting late and I must be going now."

"Well, you'll come back another evening," said I, "and give us some more of the book." I couldn't hear exactly what answer he muttered to this; but I hope he'll come again, and if he does I'll let you know.

Your humble servant to command,
DENIS GASTEEN.

PART OF THE DOUAY BIBLE NOT INSPIRED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

MR. EDITOR.—The next night we met for discussion, the Reader says to Andy, "I hope you've brought your rule of faith along with you." "Don't be aggravating me," says Andy, "twon't be for the good of your health to vex me, so I'd advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head." "Well," says the Reader, "I beg pardon for treading on your corns, for I know that you're tender upon that point. I was forgetting that you admitted the other night that you hadn't your rule of faith yourself, and that you didn't know any one that had. But," says he (not to press any more on a sore point), "suppose we take a look at the part of your rule that can be found." "With all my heart," says Andy; "you may look at it as long as you like, and pick a hole in it if you're able." "I'll do my endeavours any how," says the Reader. "And tell me," says he, "do you believe that all the books in your Bible are inspired?" "Of course I do," says Andy. "Well," says the Reader, "I believe that there are 137 chapters in your Bible that aren't the Word of God at all." "What chapters do you mean?" says Andy. "I mean," says he, "the seven books that are called the Apocrypha, namely, Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and the two books of Maccabees." "Arra, go easy," says Andy, "sure the Council of Trent names them amongst the rest, and tells us that they were all dictated either by Christ's own word of mouth or by the Holy Ghost."

"And besides," says another of the boys, "those books are in the Douay, and therefore they must be the Word of God." "That proof won't do for you," says the Reader; "for there's a deal in your Bible that's clearly not the Word of God; there are more than 1,500 notes, and they're only the work of man."

"I deny that," says he, "for everything that's within the covers of the book is the Word of God." "Well," says the Reader, "I can hardly blame you for your mistake, as you're taught so little about the Bible. But," says he, "I'll leave it to Andy whether the notes are God's word or man's word."

"Well," says Andy, "I allow that they're only man's word; but 'tisn't about the notes we're speaking now, but about them 7 books, and I tell you plainly that 'twill require strong arguments to shake my belief in them."

"Well," says the Reader, "tell me in the first place who did the Christian Church get the Old Testament from (for we're both agreed upon the New)?" "From the Jews, of course," says Andy. "And do you think they had the right books?" says the Reader. "They had," says Andy; "for 'twas to them God gave the books, and St. Paul says that 'the Words of God were committed to them'."

"Well, now," says the Reader, "did the Jews consider these 7 books to be the Word of God?" "Of course they did," says Andy, "or our Church wouldn't hold them."

"Well," says the Reader, "I suppose you've heard tell of the great St. Jerome; now he says plainly that the Jews never received those books as inspired, 'and from hence it follows,' says he, 'that the Book of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Judith, Tobit, and the two books of the Maccabees, don't belong to the canon of Scripture.'"

"Why, then," says Jerry, "is it one of our own saints that does us that dirty turn? sure Luther himself couldn't treat us worse."

"You claim him for yours, at all events," says the Reader. "Why, then," says Jerry, "I see that our friends are sometimes worse than our enemies, as Mick Murphy of the old South Cork said, when his rear rank man drove three inches of the baggonet into him by mistake. It's bad enough to have the Protestants attacking our Bible, but it's too bad to have the old saints turning against us, that we fight for through thick and thin."

"But," says the Reader, "you can't blame the poor old fellow for telling the truth, and you see, he says plainly that the Jews never received these books as the Word of God."

"But," says Andy, "maybe Christ and his Apostles received them, and that would do as well."

"No," says the Reader, "it is one of the strongest arguments against those books that they are never referred to by Christ or His Apostles. We find in the New Testament that they made over 600 references to the Old Testament, but none of these are taken from the Apocrypha, they quoted from Genesis, and Exodus, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and from more than 80 other books that I haven't time to name, but there's not a word about those seven books we're speaking of."

"Well," says Jerry, "it's plain that neither the Jews, nor our Lord, nor the Apostles held them to be the Word of God." "But," says Andy, "perhaps the early Christian Church believed in them, and that would be enough for me."

* Session IV.

Those are the words of an intelligent Deacon Catholic. Many of them believe this.

^a Rom. iii. 2.

^b Du Pin vol i, page 17. Dub. Ed.

says the Reader, "the great Roman Catholic historian, Du Pin, says, 'the ancient Christians have followed the Jewish canon in the books of the Old Testament,' so that even the early Christian Church is against you." "Well," says Jerry, "it's too bad to have our own writers brought against us in that way, it's like beating a man with his own stick." "But," says the Reader, "if I brought Protestant writers, you wouldn't believe them; so I like to bring forward your own books, and then you can have no fault to find." "But," says Andy, "how does Du Pin know that the early Christians didn't believe in these books?" "He tells us that himself," says the Reader; "he says that they made lists or catalogues of all the inspired books, and that for near 400 years, not one of these books was put into the list; and he tells us also that a Council of the Christian Church was held at Laodicea, about the year 370, and that Council didn't reckon those books to be the Word of God. Now," says he, "there's our argument against those books. 1. The Jews, to whom we committed the Word of God, and from whom we received it, never received them as inspired. 2. Neither Christ nor his Apostles take any notice of them. 3. The early Christians didn't receive them as God's word, but as man's word. Now, there are three facts, not depending on the word of any Protestant writer, which prove plainly that 137 chapters which you are taught to receive as the Word of God, are, after all, only the word of men."

"Well," says Jerry, "then facts stagger me greatly, and I don't see how to overthrow them, for facts is like jackasses, they're stubborn things."

"I'll tell you," says Andy, "how we can get over it. If you look in the big Protestant Bible that they have in their churches, you'll find the very books that the Reader is blaming us for having in our Bible."

"Well," says one of the boys, "see what a thing it is to be knowledgeable, there's nothing like learning after all, as I'm always saying to the chilidr,

Labour for larnin before you grow ould,
For larnin' is better nor silver nor gould;
Silver and gould they may vanish away,
But larnin' alone will never decay."

"True for you," says another, "it's none but a cute man would have known that the Protestants do the very same thing themselves that they blame us for." "Easy boys," says the Reader, "easy a while. Andy put words into my mouth that I never said. I didn't blame your Church for having those books in the Bible, but for telling you that they're the Word of God when they're only the word of man. Your Church tells you that they are inspired, but our Church guards against our making any mistake, for she tells us plainly in the sixth Article that these books are not inspired." "Why have you them at all then?" says Andy. "The Article tells us that too," says the Reader. "We sometimes read them for example of life, and instruction of manners, just as we'd read a book of sermons, or any other book that gave good advice, even though we didn't approve of all that it contained. So the difference between us is that we have those books, and our Church tells us that they're man's word; you have them, and your Church tells you that they're God's word, though neither the Jews, nor Christ, nor the Apostles, nor the early Christians ever received them as inspired." "I'm in doubt," says Jerry, "that we must give up them 137 chapters, and, indeed, that same is a pity, for one of them came mighty handy in proving that we ought to pray for the dead."

"True for you," says the Reader, "and a sore loss 'twill be; for if you look at the index to the Douay, you'll see that it's the only text they could bring forward, and if that's gone, they'll be in a purty fix."

"Well," says another of the boys, "I'm more vexed at finding that the notes aren't the Word of God, for 'twas mighty pleasant when one met a text that had a Protestant face on it to find a nice little note, telling us that 'twas all a mistake, for 'twas a good Catholic text, though it didn't look it; that, like the singed cat, 'twas better than it looked."

"Well," says the Reader, "I think St. Jerome and Du Pin have put a hole in your rule of faith, or rather in that part of your rule that we can lay hold of."

"Perhaps," says Jerry, "it's all for the best that the other part of the rule can't be found, for maybe some other of the old saints might be taking a shot at it, but it's safe enough now, seeing that no one can find it."

"Perhaps," says the Reader, "we may have a shot at it some time or other."

"If so," says Jerry, "you must have a gun that shoots round the corner, for Andy allows that no one can get a sight of the traditions, so you can't take any aim at them."

"If I haven't a gun," says the Reader, "I've the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

"But," says Andy, "have you any other objection against our Bible?"

"Yes," says the Reader, "I charge your Bible with translating some passages falsely, in order to favour your own religion."

"I deny that," says Andy, "and I ask for proof."

"Turn to St. Paul's letter to the Ephesians," says he, "and you'll find that he's speaking about marriage, and he says (according to the Douay), 'this is a great sacrament.'

"Now," says the Reader, "the word that your Bible translates *sacrament*, ours translates *mystery*."

"What do I care for that," says Andy; "sure our writers are as well able to translate it as yours, and

if they say that it means sacrament, I maintain that they're right." "But," says the Reader, "the same Greek word occurs in 26 other places, and how do you think your Bible translates it?" "The same as in this place, I suppose," says Andy. "No," says the Reader, "it's translated *mystery* in these 26 places, and it's only in this one place that your Bible translates it *sacrament*." "Why, then, what on earth is the meaning of that?" says Jerry. "It don't look honest," says another. "It's mighty like foul play," says a third. "But," says Andy, "maybe 'tisn't the case at all." "Sure," says the Reader, "a learned man like you needn't be in doubt about it; take your Greek Testament and try." So Andy looked, and sure enough 'twas just as the Reader said. So the boys began to look very queer at each other, as if they suspected that they were sold; and as for Andy, he looked for all the world like a dog at his father's wake, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Why, then," says Jerry, "myself thinks there must be some reason for making the differ in that one place above all others." "That's no lie for you," says the Reader, "and a right good reason there was." "What was it at all?" says the boys. "Why," says the Reader, "your Church says that marriage is a sacrament, but she was very hard up for proof; and as troublesome people kept asking for a why and a wherefore, she thought 'twould be a very nice thing to make out some proof that would stop their mouths, so by way of no harm she popped in the word sacrament instead of mystery, and then, says she, there's St. Paul calls marriage a sacrament, and what more do you want?" "Twas cute enough," says Jerry, "but for all that, myself thinks that honesty is the best policy, for when a person finds out such roguery as that, it makes him suspect the whole of his religion." "I've more of the same sort," says the Reader, "which I'll bring forward some other night; that's only a sample."

Your humble servant to command,
DAN CARTHY.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR.—I venture to send you an account of a curious dream which a lady of known piety and veracity told me as having occurred to her some time ago. I give her own words as nearly as I can recall them:—"I dreamed that one evening in spring, accompanied by another acquaintance, a heavy shower obliged us to take refuge in a poor man's cottage. The master of the house seemed at first unwilling to admit us, but gradually yielded to our requests. I thought that when we sat down he resumed his prayers, which seemingly we had interrupted. He prayed for a long time for the remission of his sins, but in those orisons the only Mediator invoked was the Virgin Mary. I watched him as he continued in long and earnest prayer, and in my soul I pitied his sad ignorance; so at last I resolved to try to convince him of his error. While engaged in these reflections the humble doorway leading into the road appeared to have expanded into a magnificent portal of cut stone, beautifully ornamented. When he rose from his knees, I said to him, 'My good man, what means that grand doorway I see before me?' 'Why, of course,' said he, looking surprised, 'to get into my house.' 'Well,' I continued, 'when you come home in the evening, do you enter by that portal, or do you pick a hole in the side wall, and come in that way?' 'What a question!' he replied, laughing. 'Am I such a fool to give myself a world of trouble when I can walk in at once by the open door, that stands inviting me to enter?' 'And yet, my good friend,' said I, 'that's the very thing you have been doing for the last half hour; you have been trying to pick a hole in the side of Heaven, if I may speak, instead of at once going through the door that asks you to enter. For, our Redeemer plainly says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." John x. 1. Now, we may be sure what that door is; for He says further on, I am the door—by me if any man enter in he shall be saved. John x. 9. My good man, you have been praying to Mary to intercede for your sins, and by so doing you have been climbing in another way, like a thief and a robber. The Virgin can't be the way to Heaven, for she is not the door, but her blessed Son, by whom alone we can hope to enter into glory. In plain language, you have been picking your way through the wall, instead of coming straight through the door.' The man appeared much struck by what I said, and thanked me for my kind advice. Just then I awoke with that peculiar sense of pleasure which always attends an act of goodness."

Some of your readers may laugh at this, Mr. Editor, and say it is only a dream; but while I admit that such is the case, they cannot deny that it contains sound, wholesome logic.—Your obedient servant,

SOMNIATOR.

FARM OPERATIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Bere.—This early grain generally ripens and comes into use by the middle or latter end of July, and no farmer should be without a portion of it; it should be sown after early potatoes, or spring vetches, &c., well manured, in ridges from $\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 6 feet wide, at the rate of 20 stone per acre.

^a Vol. i. 17. ^b 2 Mac. xii. 43. ^c Eph. vi. 17. ^d v. 26, 32.

^e See Matt. xiii. 11. Mark iv. 11. Luke viii. 10. Rom. xi. 25.

^f Cor. ii. 7.